

# WHEN SANTY COMES

BY BESSIE WHITE

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WHEN Santy comes an' scoots down through  
The hole that's in the chimney flue  
An' hops out here, I bet he'll bring  
Whole lots of toys an' everything  
That little girls like best. Don't you?



A' there'll be dolls with dresses new  
An' eyes that open big an' blue  
When they sit up—an' cry an' sing,  
When Santy comes.

A' he'll fetch nuts an' candy, too,  
An' cats that, when you squeeze 'em, mew.  
My brother Bob he says, I jing,  
He'd like to sit round listening.  
He says: "I'll tell you what I'd do,  
I'd jist jump out an' holler 'Boo!'  
When Santy comes."



## THE CHRISTMAS TREE

By FRANK H. SWEET

ONLY a star, a shining  
star,  
More glorious than  
our planets are,  
But watched by  
wistful eyes and  
bright,  
And longing hearts,  
that wondrous  
night.

Only a manger,  
shadow thronged,  
That to some public  
inn belonged,  
Where sweet breathed  
cattle quietly  
For midnight slum-  
ber bent the  
knee.

Only the light of tapers small,  
That on two tender faces fall,  
Two tender faces—one divine—  
That still through all the centuries shine



TWO TENDER FACES—ONE DIVINE.

From palace walls, from thrones of gold,  
From churches, shrines, cathedrals old,  
Where the grand masters of their art  
Wrought faithfully with hand and heart.

Only a Babe, in  
whose small hand  
is seen no scepter of  
command,  
But at whose name,  
with freedom's  
sword,  
Move the great armies  
of the Lord.

Only a cross! But, oh,  
what light  
Shines from God's  
throne on Calvary's  
height!  
His birth, his life, the  
angle see  
Written on every  
Christmas tree.

The French were first mentioned as  
the Franks, a tribe of warlike Ger-  
mans in the northwestern part of the  
region now known as Prussia. They  
came into notice about 240 A. D., and  
with other German tribes invaded the  
Roman empire in the fifth century and  
settled in the country now known as  
France. The word Frank, or Frank-  
man, means freeman. After their con-  
quest of Gaul they named the country  
Frankenle, or Frank's kingdom.

### Cure for Sore Nipples.

As soon as the child is done nurs-  
ing apply Chamberlain's Salve.  
Wipe it off with a soft cloth before  
allowing the child to nurse. Many  
trained nurses use this with the best  
results. Price 25c per box.  
For sale by all Dealers.

Chamberlain's Cough, Cholera and  
Diarrhoea Remedy.  
Never fails. Buy it now. It may save life.

Legal Blanks at this office.

### No Opium in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

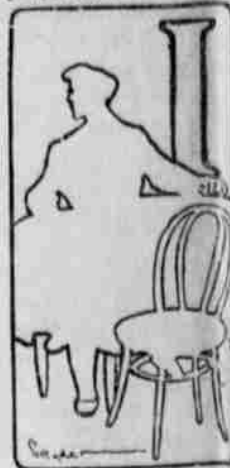
There is not the least danger in  
giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy  
to small children as it contains no  
opium or other harmful drug. It  
has an established reputation of more  
than thirty years as the most success-  
ful medicine in use for colds, croup  
and whooping cough. It also  
cures and is pleasant to take. Chil-  
ren like it.

For sale by all Dealers.

## Two Christmas Stories

By KATHERINE GLOVER

[Copyright, 1906, by Katherine Glover.]



"SHE ISN'T COMING."

they were well used to the ways of the  
place. Shabby and ill kept most of  
them looked, but their faces were  
bright and their lips were bubbling  
with little snatches of song, overflow-  
ing evidently from hearts full of gay-  
ety.

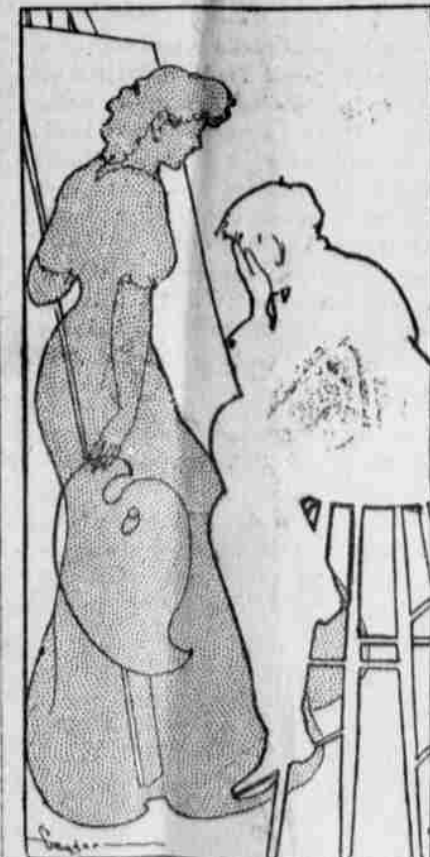
At one table in a corner sat a man  
apart from the crowd and clearly ob-  
livious to the life of the place, his eyes  
eagerly watching first the clock and  
then the door. Once or twice he start-  
ed and half rose from his chair as some-  
one entered, scanning a face closely,  
only to sink back with a long sigh. It  
was five minutes of 7 o'clock. "She  
isn't coming," he thought, and he let  
his chin fall heavily into his palm  
while he tried to gather his thoughts.  
At last, half conscious of some one  
approaching, he looked up and found a  
girl standing there, her hand out-  
stretched. "I am late," she said hur-  
riedly. "Have I kept you waiting long?"

"Yes, but it doesn't matter. Nothing  
matters now that you are here," he  
said warmly, taking her hand in both  
of his. "Sit down and let me look at  
you." He drew out her chair and  
seated himself opposite. Both were  
silent for a moment while they looked  
steadily into each other's eyes. The  
color rose slowly in the girl's cheeks,  
and she turned away.

"It is almost like a time I don't want  
to ask," she said, with a little laugh.  
"Like all the best of the old times  
rolled into one," he said. "Heavens,  
how I have wanted to be back, Joyce!"  
"We are both growing too old to be  
sentimental, Jack. I want you to tell  
me all about Paris and your success.  
I read about you and was very proud  
to be an old friend of the distinguish-  
ed young American artist, Mr. John  
Hamilton Seawell."

They were interrupted by the wait-  
er, an old friend of the two, who bow-  
ed and scraped an infinite number of  
times before they could stop him. "To-  
night we are to have all the things we  
used to pretend we didn't like because  
the figures were too steep for our in-  
comes, with a few of the more familiar  
things thrown in for old lang syne,"  
he said, scanning the menu card.  
Joyce nodded her head and smiled, and  
the order was finally given after a  
long conference of the three.

When the waiter brought the dinner,  
the table was heaped with little dishes



"SOMETIMES HER IMAGE WOULD STEAL  
BETWEEN HIM AND THE CANVAS."

of all sorts, more than they could pos-  
sibly have eaten if they had been sav-  
ing up for this one meal during all the  
time of their separation. In reality  
they were both too excited to be hun-  
gry, and their tongues went so fast  
that there was time only for spasmodic  
dips into the various dishes. When  
the dinner tapered off to coffee and  
cheese, however, they both fell into st-

lence. The man lighted a cigar in the  
old easy way they were used to and  
said between puffs, "I want to tell you  
a story, Miss Joyce, if you will listen."  
"I shall be most happy," she said  
with assumed gaiety. "But be sure  
to make it end well. I don't like sad  
stories on Christmas eve."

"I shall do my best not to make it  
end unhappily, but that isn't for me to  
say. Well, here goes:

"Once upon a time there lived a  
dear, foolish maiden and a stupid,  
struggling artist, whom she befriend-  
ed. The maiden at least ought to have  
been very rich, possessor of stately  
mansions and all that sort of thing, if  
she had had her deserts, but, truth to  
tell, both of them were very, very poor  
—so poor that the maiden used to wear  
frayed skirts and cracked shoes some-  
times, though she laughed and pre-  
tended she did it for fun, and the artist  
was so poor that—well, he was  
poorer than any really respectable per-  
son ever was before. The two lived  
next door neighbors high up in the  
same cheap boarding house in a busy  
little city called New York. For some  
unfathomable reason the maiden took  
pity on the artist and used to help him  
out of his domestic difficulties and try  
to patch up his moral snags and tears  
as well. She was his good angel and  
made the days of struggling worth-  
while for the stupid artist. She used  
to write wonderful stories—much too  
wonderful to be appreciated by the  
earthly editors she had to submit them  
to. In spite of their poverty, they used  
to have good times together, those two.  
When things grew very somber they  
would help each other cheer at fortune.  
There was a little restaurant where  
they would have jolly dinners when-  
ever the artist sold a sketch or two,  
Carl, the keeper of the restaurant, was  
their friend and served them good din-  
ners, seasoned with sage philosophy.  
The day dawned when the artist had  
an opportunity to go abroad and study  
his art under the great masters—the  
thing he had longed for all his life.

"When the chance came, however, it  
seemed a small thing compared to the



THEY WERE INTER-  
RUPTED BY THE  
WAITER.

loss of the maid-  
en. There was  
not money  
enough for both  
to go, so he pre-  
ferred to stay  
and make a lit-  
tle home for  
her in the busy,  
heartless city.  
But for once  
the maiden was  
cold and un-  
yielding, telling  
him that she  
didn't care  
enough for him  
to share his  
home. She sent  
him away with  
a heavier heart  
than he had  
ever had before. He went to Paris,  
where he pitched deep into work to  
try to forget the maiden, but thoughts  
of her would creep in in spite of  
himself, and sometimes her image, a  
laughing, haunting image, would steal  
in between him and his canvas, and  
then he would have to give up  
work for that day. It was no use.  
He would go out on the streets and  
walk and walk and walk, trying to  
wonder if the maiden's answer was  
final, calling up little scenes of their  
days together, conjuring up her looks  
to see if he could not again read in her  
eyes and find something there that he  
wanted. He wrote her long letters tell-  
ing her a great many things that were  
not always kind. Some of the letters  
he sent across the ocean to her; others  
he tore up and tried to forget. But  
there were only three letters from her  
in all the four years he was gone, and  
they all came on Christmas eve. Long  
friendly letters they were, just like the  
chats they used to have, but with no  
sign of the thing he wanted her to  
write above all else. The stupid artist  
worked so hard that he could hardly  
help winning some shadowy success in  
all that time. There was a picture or  
two in the salon; his instructors grew  
encouraging; there was a blue now and  
then in the papers, all of which puffed  
him up mightily because he vainly  
hoped they might make some difference  
with the maiden.

"When four years had passed the  
artist thought he might return to his  
home in New York and start his work  
there. He told himself over and over  
again that he was going home to the  
maiden, and his heart beat absurdly  
with hope of seeing her and then sank  
heavily again at thought of the change  
the years might have made, of the es-  
trangement they might have brought.  
During the time he had been away she  
had written many stories and had final-  
ly convinced the editors of their worth.  
He saw her name in the contents of  
a number of magazines. The old days  
were changed. He would no longer find  
her in the cheap boarding house. If  
she sent him away three years before,  
she probably had almost forgotten him  
in all this time, but the thought of the  
Christmas letters spurred him to write  
to her and tell her of his return. He  
would reach New York the day before  
Christmas, the anniversary of his leav-  
ing. He would meet her that evening  
at half past 6 in the little restaurant?  
He would wait for her at their same  
table in the corner, and they would talk  
over old times. The artist arrived in

New York on the day he expected, and  
all afternoon he wandered about, wait-  
ing for the hour of their engagement,  
yet half dreading it for fear she should  
not come. But the good fairy waved  
her wand for him this time, for the  
maiden really came, and she is just the  
same, dear, sweet maiden as in the old  
days, only the shabby clothes are re-  
placed by new, well cut things, and  
there is a quiet air of prosperity about  
her. She looks just a little older, per-  
haps, and the eyes are a trifle more  
serious, but they are the same tender,  
splendid eyes, reflecting a big, sweet  
soul. The two talked over many  
things, but all the time the artist has  
searched the maiden's eyes to see if he  
could find there any sign of what he  
has longed for all these years, a dif-  
ferent answer to the question he put  
to her four years ago. He is eager to  
offer again to make a home for her and  
to spend his life trying to make her the  
happiest woman in all the world."

He looked over at the girl. "It is for  
you to end the story," he said quietly.

Her cheeks were flushed, and she  
was toying with her spoon. She look-  
ed up at him a moment, and her eyes  
were shining. "I want to go back a  
little and change your story some. I  
shall begin where the artist had his  
opportunity to go abroad and study.  
When he told the maiden about the  
chance and offered to give it up for  
her it was the hardest thing she ever  
had to do in her life to refuse the sac-  
rifice, but she had some small sense of  
right, and she knew what those years  
abroad would mean to his future, so  
she rebuffed him and made him do the  
thing she knew his head dictated,  
though his foolish, generous heart led  
him to offer the other. He thought it  
was hard for him, perhaps, but he had  
Paris, with all its diversions, and the  
spur of his new work, while she had  
only the lonely sense of his absence.  
She used to haunt the places where



"SHE USED TO WRITE  
WONDERFUL STORIES."

they had been  
together, and  
sometimes the  
days dragged  
so that only  
the thought of  
the millstone  
she would have  
been to him if  
she had acceded  
to his plan kept  
her from doing  
some desperate  
thing. Then  
there came his  
letters begging  
her for some  
line in return,  
and that was  
the hardest but-  
tle of all. She  
fought it steadily for three days be-  
fore she won. She knew if she wrote  
to him her letters would keep her  
in his mind and that some time she  
might carelessly say something to  
bring him back sooner than he ought  
to come. It was hard not to yield to  
what her heart pleaded for, but she  
felt he could do his best work cut off  
from thoughts of her and then"—  
Joyce paused.

"And then?" the man said quickly.  
"She thought perhaps he might have  
fooled himself that he wanted to marry  
her while circumstances drew their  
lives so closely together. Now that he  
was seeing more of the world and  
meeting other women he would weigh  
the matter and would learn his mind.  
If he came back and still wanted her,  
she would know he meant it, and"—

"Yes?" the man broke in eagerly.  
"That's all," she ended lamely, smil-  
ing up at him.

"No, not all. Together shall we try  
to end the stories with 'They lived  
happily ever after?'"

She reached out her hands to him  
for answer, and he closed them ten-  
derly in his.

### Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that in pursu-  
ance of an order of sale made and en-  
tered by the District Court of the  
Fifth Judicial District, County of  
Washington, State of Utah, on the  
fifteenth day of September, A. D.,  
1906, I will sell at public auction,  
subject to the confirmation of said  
court the following described real  
property, viz: All of lot four (4.)  
in block nine (9.) in the east one-half  
of the southeast one-fourth of section  
fifteen, (15) township thirty-nine  
(39), south of range fifteen (15) west,  
or Salt Lake Meridian, and contain-  
ing one hundred and fifty-six (156)  
square rods of land, the same being  
in the Pine Valley Townsite Entry.

The said sale will be made on the  
Twenty-second (22) day of December,  
A. D., 1906, at ten o'clock a. m. at  
the front door of the court house, in  
the city of St. George, county and  
state aforesaid. Terms Cash.

FRANK R. BENTLEY,  
Sheriff of Washington County, Utah.  
Dated at St. George, Utah, October  
31, A. D. 1906.

(First Nov. 16—Last Dec 21)

He—Do you think it would be foolish  
of me to marry a woman who was my  
intellectual inferior? She—I don't know  
that it would be foolish, but it would  
be a difficult thing for you to do.